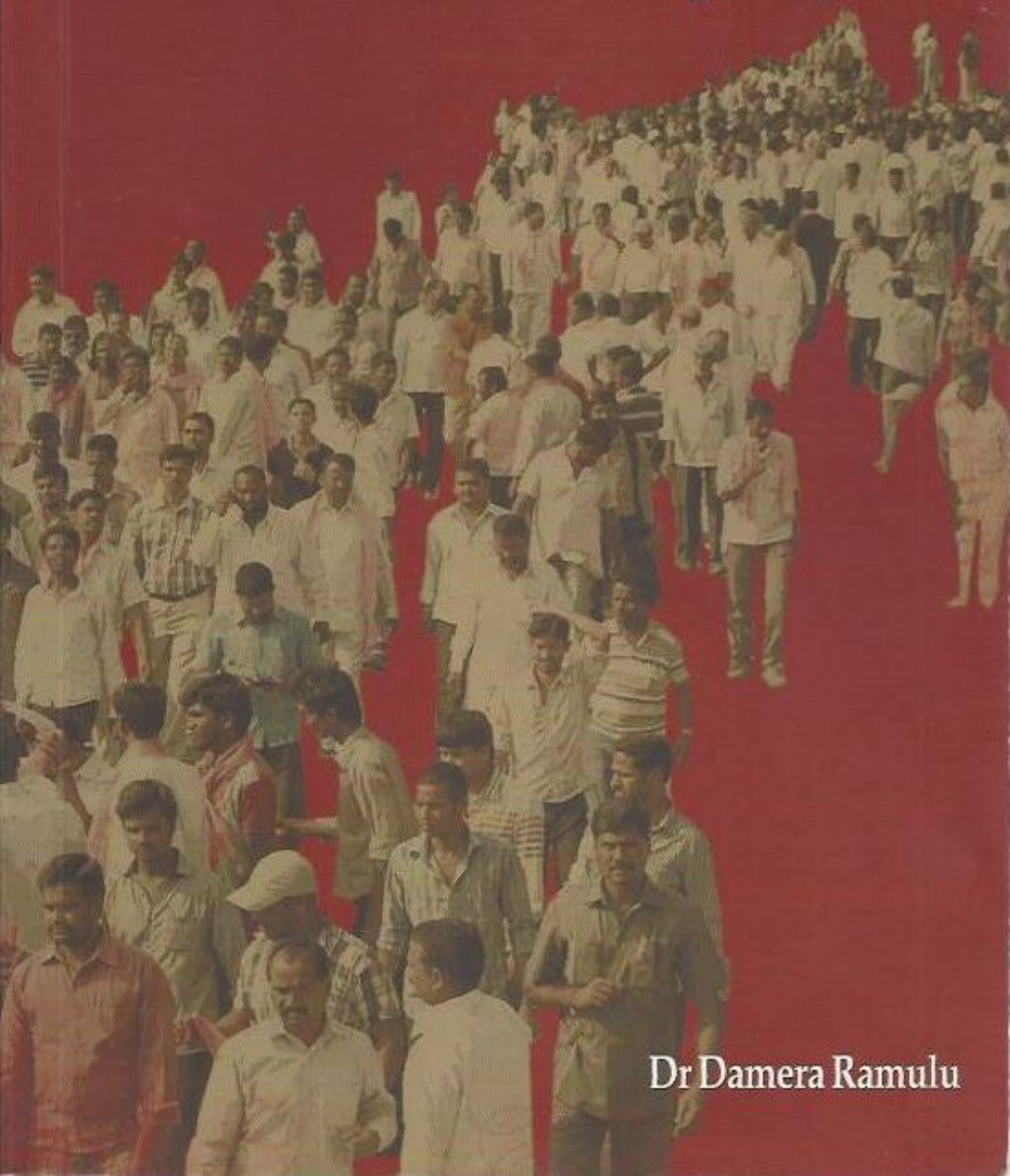


Hail Telangana! Hail!!

An Anthology of Telugu Poems



Dr Damera Ramulu

Dr. Damera Ramulu hails from Haveli Shayampeta of Geesu Konda Mandal in Warangal District. He was born to Narsamma and Mettaiah. He completed his elementary education in the place of birth. After completing his medical degree from Gandhi Medical College, Hyderabad, Dr. Ramulu set up medical practice at Nirmal. He has been rendering his services as a medical officer here for the last twenty five years. In his youth, he wrote a '*Shathaka*' Verses under the influence and encouragement of his Guru Kondapaka Venkata Narasimacharyulu since then on, Dr. Ramulu has been engaged in writing. He finds happiness in writing and he has zeal of writing to begin with, with the encouragement of Cherabandaraju, one of the reknowned digambara Kavi, Dr. Ramulu has started writing poetry say since 1974. His compilation of writing under the title , CHORUS was published in 1979 which was purely a criticism condemning the governments anti democratic activities in view of 'Emergency', then came the poet's 'Nethuti Vennela' which was written opposing the police firing on the tribals in Indervelly. The second edition of the same title came in to time during the disturbed decade of 1978 – 88 . Dr. Ramulu's writings under the title of 'Jayahe Telangana' was brought out which highlighted the agitation of separate telangana, in 2006. This shows that the Doctor poet Ramulu has been active in the masses and his themes are current and burning topics of the people.

As a medico of Gandhi Medical College, Hyderabad, he had been active as an upcoming poet; he was convenor VIRASAM of the city and discharged his duties ideally. After that he was the district convenor for Warangal where he was in the public life. It was in 1985 when Dr. Ramulu entered Nirmal in the capacity of the government medical officer. As devotee of telugu literature, Ramulu established Saahithi mitramandali which alived at enlighting the writers. Not content with the government job, he quit the much coveted job and felt free to serve the people in his choosen field i.e. literature having setup him self as a private practitioner, he has been busy with his activities of writing, he organized and managed the circulation of the a written magazine "Manjusha" for about three years. He thus

For
The Telangana
Martyrs....

published about fifteen editions of the magazine. It is noteworthy that he successfully managed to exhibit the Drama of "Kanya Shulkham" in Nirmal on the occasion of its anniversary with the good office of shankarabharanam fame Somayajulu. He served as a senate member of the Kakatiya university in 1993. He served as the founder president of Nirmal doctors association. Right from the commencement of the separate telangana agitation, Dr. Ramulu has been very active being the secretary of Telangana writers Forum and as a convenor of Telangana doctors forum. It goes without saying that Dr. damera Ramulu is versatile genius not only a medical professional but also as a creative poet — a poet of the masses. He is a nice man and a fine leader of our Telangana...as a poet, critic and leader.

Hail Telangana! Hail!!

(An Anthology of Telugu Poems)

Dr. Damera Ramulu

Chorus Publishers
Hyderabad

Hail Telangana ! Hail!!

(An Anthology of Telangana Poetry)
by **Dr Damera Ramulu**

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A yearning for separate Telangana: Poetry of Embers in Telangana Accent

What Bishma in Mahabharatha told the Kouravas and Pandavas," "It is better to be parted when not possible to be together," is aptly suitable to the ongoing movement for the formation of separate Telangana. The literary doyen, Dr. Samala Sadasiva, who wrote foreword to *Jayaho Telangana (Hail Telangana)*, commented, "This poetry manifests the struggle within the poet's mind. It is not intended to hurt the non-Telanganites. We have been together because we were united by the then leaders, who however suggested that when not possible to be together, there can be a separate state. Therefore, it is now clear that we can no longer be together. We can no longer tolerate you. Leaving our region us, you may leave for your respective regions. Lest we will send you away." Dr Sadasiva considers this as the essence of the poetry written against the present political background. Dr.Damera Ramulu, in poem after the poem, is unequivocal that the formation of separate Telangana is imminent and inevitable. In the poem, "To be Separated is to be Together," Dr Ramulu writes:

To continue as a linguistic state
is untenable.

Therefore, we state:

Let us be separated as cross-cousins
only to be together as brothers!

Revolutionary poet Varavarao, who also penned a preface to this anthology, wrote about what should follow, if and when the separate Telangana is formed: "If at all the Telangana is formed at least by now, will it remove hunger in the lives of the tribals? Would self-rule

in Telangana also mean the self-rule of the Adivasis in the Godavari valley? Would it also bring in the self-rule by Dalits and Bahujans, who are fighting in the plains?" questions Varavararao setting a political agenda for future. Other litterateurs, Gudihalam Raghunatham, who wrote introduction to the anthology, views: "Telangana is not something that we beg. What we demand as a right is not alms. It is not something to be given out of sympathy at all. Formation of Telangana is inevitable in future, if not today." Similarly another noted writer from Telangana, Nandini Sidda Reddy opines that the problem of Telangana is not merely backwardness or about development. It is more about the self-respect of the Telangana people. Development however cannot substitute self-respect. The language and culture of the Telangana are subjected to insult and ridicule. Other poets and writers, Potlapalli Srinivasa rao, Thummala Devarao, Muni Madugula Raja Rao and Paravasthu Lokeshwar asserted, in their forewords, the aspect of struggle for identity as expressed in the anthology of Dr. Ramulu.

Dr. Ramulu writes in the chaste Telangana accent. The people of Telangana are known for purity—the purity of fountain water in cupped palms. They are the manifestation of innocence, honesty and undiluted commitment. The language that the rural Telangana people, who are not known for fox-like pretensions and wolf-like tricks, use that language, which springs from their hearts. It is sweet like honey, bubbling with liveliness. The way Dr. Ramulu used such language as a weapon attracts the attention of the reader. Since every poem in the anthology was written about the need for the formation of separate Telangana, there is a continuity of theme, which surges like a flow. The meaning of each poem expresses emotion and dissent of the people and burns like sulphur:

You are ridiculing our own accent.

We were under the Nizam rule

But you were slaves in the colonial regime

You undertook Satyagraha for de-throning the English
But we pulled triggers to de-throne the King

~ ~ ~

One cannot reach the goal merely by running

What is required is a strategy

One gets the strategy with knowledge

Knowledge with education

The educated understand the world better

~ ~ ~

Let us assimilate those Andhra people who are with us

Let's treat them as our own

They are our friends too.

Those who exploit us

are our enemies.

Dr. Ramulu is vocal in attacking the enemies of the region. His emotion flows like embers. Though a practicing physician, Dr Ramulu, considering poetry as an avocation, has been playing his social responsibility by responding to the contemporary identity movements, of which the Telangana movement is significant. Unfortunately, Telangana has been betrayed more by Telanganites than the non-Telangana people. Marri Chenna Reddy buried the Telangana movement at time a when Telangana was about to be formed; Mr K. Chandrasekar Rao called off his fast-un-to-death in delhi overnight without taking others into confidence. These and such other betrayals cannot be considered backbiting but stabbing in the bellies of the Telangana people. The people, activists and the Telangana writers have to learn to be wary of the Telangana traitors.

Raamaa Chandra Mouli

3rd July, 2007

The Translator's Note

A translator, many a times proves to be a traitor! This happens just because of the fact that the language of a particular culture is untranslatable into the language of another culture. It is one of the most important and distinctive cultural component. This becomes more complex in Dr Ramulu's case since he has chosen to write the entire anthology in the immaculate Telangana dialect which is a rare feat in Telugu Literature. This requires a rich experience than the training or skill in the language. However, I tried to hold a faithful mirror to the original though the profound Telangana dialect and the vibrant linguistic cultural flavor sometimes inevitably impaired.

I know Dr Ramulu is a multifaceted personality. The beauty of his personality lies in the eyes of the beholder.

He is medical doctor sitting in his clinic from dawn to dusk like a sage struggling hard with the pestilence stricken multitudes. He is an organizer who visualizes the emancipation of the oppressed in liberation.

He is campaigner whose voice rises like a storm against regional imbalances.

Finally, he is fine human being whose mission is humanity.

That's Dr Ramulu and his poetry. Hats off!!

- Dr Kesharaju Kumar

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TELANGANA - THE TASTE OF COMRADESHIP

Drop by drop formed the various passages of water
The ways that lead to the statehood of Telangana and
The parties of Telangana may be multifaceted
But the slogan of "Hail Telangana! Hail!! "
Gives a pungent jolt to the enemies
It is dynamite in the hearts of dominating migrants

If you want proof, if you are impartial
Come with me, I will make you listen
What the farmer's heart say?

You are pretending to be a deaf

For more than fifty years!
You are a perfect manipulator in distracting
The history that you learnt it in the wrinkle.
You are teaching this type of education
By conducting private classes
To the chemchasi and to the betrays of Telangana

You and you're betraying private students
And your college of *chemchasi*
Has to be closed permanently
Your predicament is at arms length
Your empire will reduced to dust
You cannot even get a small piece from debris
This is surely in close vicinity,
Be careful!

Don't create disputes among us
Don't offer dinners and feasts

To increase quarrels among us
We are innocent by nature
That makes us sometimes surrender
But once the call is given
We the brothers of Telangana unite

The group will be formed immediately
You are a wolf
Don't play tricks like an innocent jackal
You cannot bluff the people of Delhi
You cannot bury the truths
This is a confluence of different cultures
The sweetness and seriousness of our tone is one.

Telangana is a unified Fort of ten districts.
This is a Temple which showers
The taste of Friendship to the neighbor.

HE IS OUR MAN WHO WILL BE WITH US

The Delhi doras¹ will make
Telangana issue lagging behind...
The promoter of Telangana is tantalizing the issue.
But the possibility of deserting is more
It is the time to show more vehemence.

All my brothers
Lingadu² Poshadu³ Ashadu⁴ should come forward
If you react you will be pushed back
The victory is for the brave
The voice of Telangana will be oppressed

They try to make a split in our force
Our people will be made *chemchas*
They make our people speak against Now
Let's sing the song of Telangana
In nook and corner of Telangana

Let play *kolatams*
Let's make the *gangireddu⁶* play
Let us revive our country fairs
Let us take an oath...
To make our idiom, dialect reinforced

There must be a demand in all the continents
Let us talk about Telangana
In trains, busses, steamers and in flights
Let us talk wherever it is possible

Let the talk be about Telangana
Let it be quenchable... Let us laugh openly

Let our eyes be filled with the light of Telangana
Let the dreams of yester years be made...
The festive decorative strips in our homes

If a person from Andhra mingles with us he is ours
If he exploits he is our enemy

-
1. The feudal lords
 - 2,3,4. Common names of Telangana low caste community persons
 5. A large group of traditional folk ballad.
 6. The decorated bull plays different feats by the traditional beggars

Let's be Divided for Affluence

It is difficult to be with them
They are hard nuts to crack
They tell cock and bull stories
They lull us ... we accept it.

We are straight forward
By stand by our word and deed
We do not know cheating
Our religion is to believe others.

Telangana: A Synonym for War Trumpet

Why hiding?
I tell you openly
Why hiding?
My mind is disturbed

Mind is a clear mirror
It is a clear sky without a cloud
It is pure as the moonlight
During the days of *Dasarati*

Why hiding?
Why conspiracies?

You may accuse me of a conspiracy
You may be hiding because
The power and ego together made you
Many accusations on me

I have no memories of hiding
Right from my birth

You may not like it but
I sing whatever is pleasant to my ears
The impurity of *doras* in your blood
I may have the urge to rule

Why hiding?
Let us talk across the table
How many have suffered in your hands
Shall we start fighting or

Talk like fighting

But let's have a condition
Let us have faith in mutual dignity
The words must be courteous
There must be no difference

If we really want talks for
The welfare of public
Why hiding?

Without going into the details of caste and religion
The truth must be like the rising sun
These must form the basis of our talks
If not, are you ready for the face to face fight?

If so, you can start
Tell me, where shall we start our war?
Is it now...is it here...?
Why hiding?

1. A major festival of the region.

The Crux is Thinking

Why are you so hasty?
Let us be slow and steady
You have to think applying full mind
You have to stand by word

They want to overthrow you
If you fall down, they will laugh
Let us ignore their ego
Our thinking must be sharpened

The sharpened thinking
Must be a sharpened knife
If you really want to achieve
Sometimes, you need the dance of swords

We fight for justice
We have no fear in our decision
We are bold and courageous
We become like angry *narasimhai*

If we shout aloud
They say we are extremists
Ignore such useless fellows

If not today, it will be tomorrow
If not tomorrow, it may be day after tomorrow

Nobody can stop statehood to Telangana
The greatness of Telangana will be ours
Our flag will flutter in the high sky
We will sing our songs in our state

In the light of our flag
Our minds and bodies will be thrilled
We will become fully bloomed flowers
The fragrance will be spread in our homes

1 The loin headed god who is one of the ten incarnations of the lord

Ugadi

I love *Ugadi* very much
It is not because of tasting pudding
But for chance of weaving new songs

I want hear new songs in new tones
I can invite the new spring
I want to listen through the mouth of my friends
How to experience the six tastes?

The deep wounds of tsunami
The New Year didn't heal
Pardhivaz is already knocking the doors
Can I cherish...can I ...

If we mingle together, it is a festival
If we laugh together, it is happiness
If we sing together, it is a festive of play and songs
I love *Ugadi*

I can float in the dizzy dreams of imagination
I can write like the sprouts of water
I saw redness in the eyes of farmer who is agonized
For not getting the remunerative price for his grains

Large groups migrates for want of employment
The labor marches forward with tightened fist
I hope for the birth of Telangana on this festive eve

I do not hope for the irrigation water
I expect at least drinking water

The rulers have no foresight
Instead of water, there are streams of liquor

Shall we spend the New Year like this?
We meet to talk about good and bad
We meet in the open moon light
We meet under stars of open sky

Is this the occasion for ruminating?
The sweet melodies of a cuckoo
This is not only our wish
This is also the wish of this organization

The aboriginal Sri Munimadugula and
Sri Deva Rao who is like the first Lord
These have created this dais
To reflect the inner meaning in our poets

Our poetry should not be a confused mysticism
It should have a distinct variation
Then it will be remembered
The life is full of complexity
The song is the simplicity
How do expect a sweet song
From the throat of a threatened person

It is not only the environment around us
The disturbed tides of the sea
All are pushed down inside the eye lids

For food, for shelter
For the liberation of the faithful soil
I compose this song with lot of hope

I hope it can stir the whirl wind of your thought
I have faith on your ignited minds.

The journey is not from darkness to darkness
It is for the oppressed and suppressed
It gets redemption from the vicious circles of superstitions

The sickles are safe with me
That posed questions generations together
For a small piece of land, for a small morsel of food

It will be useful like a lantern in the darkness
I invite you into my open hands
I make you to forget the fatigue with my lull

Audio! Audio!! Audio!!! The old year!
Now, I must start singing.

-
1. Telugu New Year
 2. Name of the Telugu New Year

The Imminent Time

Is this your life that depends on threatening?
Why do you threaten?
Is it because of your money?
Is it because of your power?
Is it the ego which made you pigheaded?
Do you care human beings?

It is really heinous than
The life of a bull or a donkey
It is disgraceful than the life of a pig
Do you think you can live up to the end?

You will be broken into pieces
Then you will realize about threatening
Do you use your dominations, goondagiri?
The power stricken mentality that oppresses the poor

Is this the deed that an educated person can do?
Is it the work that the wise men can do?
Don't be proud of it
People, more powerful than you
Are trodden upon by the history

You have made the laws your relatives
You have made the jails your homes
You have made the police and military
Your personal security guards

If everything is yours
Why are we here?

Where are our votes?

We created the affluence
You became the ruler by domination

Do you exhibit your brutal power on us?
Do you lead a life that threatens us?
We didn't know who the demon was
Now, we know it is you

Idiots, your oppression, atrocities and
Sulking will not continue
If you cannot change yourself
The time is imminent to break your heads

Into a Great Path
Tell me some other word
We listened to you all these days
We were cheated and duped
Now, we cannot listen to the words
That changes our path

Tell me some other word
You stop repeating useless words
We listened to you and were put behind bars
Now there is a pile of cases
Those are pending in the court of law
Those days were good
When we slept with empty stomach

We lost our own people
The tears are exhausted
The burning in stomach is increased
Tell me some other word

Whatever has to happen has happened already

There was no way except listening

We faced innumerable problems

We are near death

What did we achieve?

You have shown the moon in the stars

Tell me some other word

Or keep your mouth shut

We explore our own way, or

We join the Great Path waited by

Debts and Predicaments

It becomes impossible
The life in my body dried up
My legs are under severe pain
My nerves are about to break down

It becomes impossible to me
I am unable to continue agriculture
I have nothing to eat
How can I provide some fodder to cattle?
I am unable to offer even water
The vessel of liquid cattle food is dried up long ago
I am under the burden of debts
I am unable to bear it
I am unable to drag on

It becomes impossible to me
My daughter is at marriageable age
My son has no work
I barely provide food to my children
At the cost of our starvation
My son wants to run away from home
I asked him, 'where does he go?'
He is pointing to the rising sun behind mountains

It becomes impossible to me
I am unable to convince him

There is a Way

They say that we cannot survive
We cannot live without strategies and tricks
But we did not learn bluffing from our childhood
The exploiter knows the use of tricky language
They will show you the moon among the stars

Now, they are highly disturbed
Just for the sun stroke
They run to the tree even for a small shower
They cannot withstand or bear with anything

They cannot work, they only talk
The great officers lay prostrate now
They always talk to someone over cell phones

They pretend and create
The tantalizing effect on our mind
They say that the government is theirs
They boast that ministers' call them by names

They take us to their meetings
They give an impression that we belong to them
At last, which is our party?
All the parties are the gang of thieves.

They exploit hugely once they are in power
They have no caste, no religion
The entire exploiters have the same legacy.

They use us for their selfish goals
They ignore once their work is over

We want the original people not the dupes
We want people who can plant
Our paddy fields during rainy season

The crop must grow as per the season
The word must be pure
If you speak wrong words
The original people will kick you and cane you

The name of original people will make
The pretty leaders urinate in the dress
The big leaders will run away
To towns in quails vehicles

Whatever it is - the original is original
They will not speak wrong words
At the cost of their lives
They leave peanuts and leftovers

They have to create fear in the hearts of exploiters
Otherwise, our existence becomes miserable.

Flirting Words – Flowering Swords

How many of my Telangana farmers died?
Because of the bite of white cobra in the black soils

Just for the livelihood
Many youth have migrated to
Biwandi¹, Bombay², Dubai³, Mascot
These migrated youths
Created the rivers of sweat,
They floated in death

In the fields of black gold
The spade that loads the coal
Made the back bone bent
How many are trying for
The last breath because of black smoke?

They have no festivals
They are the bonded labor
They have tattered bodies
They have torn dresses
They became impure like the water of Musi River

Their crops did not get remunerative prices
The adulterated pesticide made
The farmer a failure even in suicide
The leaders' consolation did not help them
The money lenders have occupied their land

The pretentious behavior
Flirting and wooing should be stopped
Don't fabricate a story
Don't crush them in the mud

Don't pierce into the pupils
Don't kick in the stomach of a helpless farmer

Please stop flirting words
You have to stop all those
Before it gets complicated
Please stop, before the blood boils

Let us discuss the problems from all angles
Let us start moving towards finding a solution
Then only the peace will prevail
Then only the swords will start flowering

1.2.3. Names of the cities to where the Telangana poor generally migrate for basic livelihood

SUPPORT

We want some support
We want electric power to our lands
We want grass to our cattle
We want food grains on our ration card
We want our children to go to school
They want books and dresses
We want work to our hands and
We want some support.

The life without support is meaningless
There is some shade in the forest
There is some flowing water in the cut rocks
We will get firewood there
The breeze in the forest will lull us to sleep
That is why we say that
The forest is lovelier than home
We go to the forest if there is no work at home
We will know the taste of walking in the forest

We are not begging for support
The days of kings have gone
The situation is much worsened
There is no change even after
The change of generation
The differences between
Man and man are ever increasing
There is no proper light in our hut
There are multi storied buildings on the other side
We want some support
We want some assurance
We have been waiting for many years

There is a person who is exploiting
The works of our hand
There is a protection of guns around him
If anyone rebels or argues against
The jail becomes his home
We are made our mouth shut
The mouth is alienated from us
We want support

The politics have become a dirty game
It is a play of jargons
The dance of swords is replaced by the play of votes
They press buttons of voting machines themselves
They throw us out
We have no faith in votes
We have no faith on the *goondas*¹ who come for votes
We have no faith in the parties formed by *rowdies*²
We are gathering at the fire place
We have only one word
The atom bomb is negligible before the power of man

How long should we wait for support?
How long should we starve like this?
How long should we have patience?
How long should we bear the butts of the gun?
We want support, otherwise ...

1 & 2 ruffians

So What ...?

We want to construct a project wherever we wish
We want to dig canals
We will give water wherever we wish

We will lift the farmer whose lands are submerged
We will give lands wherever we want
We live wherever we like

From where shall we get money?
The money available at present
Is not sufficient for the projects
That is why live your own lives

The submerged lands of the poor
Will be considered for proper compensation
We will give water to the lands under canal
We will not stop

We have police;
They will put you behind bars
We restore to protests and agitation
So what...?

The shouters will go on shouting
The doers will go on doing
They come in our way to stop
So what...?

Thousands of tribal lands will be submerged
Their lands and huts will disappear in water

So what...?
We will support them
The projects are first

Then the issue of submerging
Who are you to stop?
Our priority is for the projects
Who are to say 'no'?
Who are you to stop?

We don't want to implement 610 G.O.1
If you create nuisance
Do you think we allow you to go?
So what...?

Do you think we listen to you?
What do you do?
Let Maoists or people
Greater than them, may come
The projects will be finished in the presence of police.

What do you do?
If at all you do something...
So what...?

The Shivering Life in the Heavy Down Pour

There is a heavy downpour for a week
There is darkness in the daytime
There are thundering dark clouds
There is bright lightening

If there is a sound of thunder bolt somewhere
No one can hear to no one
The cat is drowsy in the fire place
The fire wood got wet and cannot fire now

Shivering and shivering
Shivering in the entire body
The children covered with rough blanket
The hut is oozing out water in the corner
There is a small flow of water
This is from inside the hut

There is a hut near the canal
The heavy breeze turned down
The support rocks of the hut roof
There are strange sounds
Is it the sound of thunderbolts?
How critical to spend this day?

The village tank bund is broken
There was a heavy overflow
There are streams in the streets
If I can survive today
I may live forever

I. The Government Order No 610 assures regional balance in employment, irrigation, political power, allocation of funds etc.,

The Method in which the Hands are Crushed for Asking Wages

I have no lands - even a yard
I have no land on this planet earth
These two hands are my property

After the festival *Ugadi*
I went to work in fields of a landlord
I have almost broken my hands

I bathed with my own sweat
I filled my stomach with
A small morsel of yesterday's gruel

I went to the landlord for my wages
Because I cannot survive without money
He asked me to come again

He was pointing his gun to a tree
I went to him again after a few days
I greeted him with folded hands

Dora's eyes are filled with fire
His looks filled with thunders
He prompted his servant to kick me

The servant of *dora* lives in our street
I thought that he would not touch me
But he came and kicked me on my back

My backbone is almost broken
I remembered my mother
Whom I lost in my childhood

My eyes are filled with darkness
I did know what happened after that
I am in my hut when I became conscious

My old wife warned me not to ask wages
She advised me to cultivate
The barren land of our village
She instilled confidence in me
For the cultivation of waste land

Two Glasses – Two Countries

I didn't know
Whether this practice exists
Anywhere in the world
But it is very much here in India

If this is trailed in the court of the world
I don't know what would be punishment
The great nation would get
But it is a never healing wound

The world is suffering from the diabetes of caste
It will never heal
It is inhuman It is insulting
The discrimination of two glasses...

If you move any *dalit* in the village
There are unending woes
Frankly speaking, this is worse than fascism.
The discrimination of two glasses...

The people are doing menial works
The children are grazing cattle
At the age of school going
Is it the grandeur of the nation?

The productive occupations
Which depend on two hands
Who sell their sweat?
This is the exploitation for generations

No political party is sincere
In eradicating this practice

The theories and methodologies cannot eradicate
The two glass discrimination...

The heinous chapters of Hinduism should be burnt
The ash must be buried under the Himalayas
When the country is divided on the basis of religion
The two glasses should have been divided
Into two different countries

That would have been a chance
For the *dalits* to survive with self-esteem
Let the practice of two glasses be prohibited
Otherwise, divide us internally into two countries
The ball is in your court
Decide.....

1. a low caste person- an Indian apartheid

Hard Times

Human being should not get all these problems
Some are due to the society
But many are due to the people in the society

If there is no rain, it is a problem
If the rivers overflow, it's a problem
If the sun is very hot, it's a problem
If there is a heavy frost, it's a problem

One can withstand all these problems
One can hardly prove that he is alive
But the problem is with fellow human beings
The woes are infinite

The corruption is huger than a big mountain
There is no single unadulterated thing
The leaders are like ever color changing chameleons
There is no link between their words and deeds

The problems with leaders exceed the seas
The leaders and contractors easily breathe
They form a ring to grab the wok for a low rate
The only solution is the public protest

The unity of public can mend their ways
The problems can be withstood
Even if it is jail, it can be tolerated
But we are not going to leave the exploiter

The end of their exploitation
Is the end of our woes?

That's why don't take the name of the leader
My blood boils...

They bluff the public
They resort to rigging
How can they claim as leaders?
Is there any single virtue of a statesman in them?

Is their character good in any manner?
My people have lost patience
The storm is imminent
These fake leaders will be swept out

This is a short play of pomposity
But it has a definite end

WHY SHOULD YOU GO TO AN ALIEN COUNTRY?

You did not listen to me
It is not your country to go with a starved stomach
You should not go to an alien country
Why? Can't you fill your stomach?
If you work hard here

We will be together in joys and sorrow
Didn't I maintain you all these years my son
Even now I maintain you my son
Why? Is your stomach become big?

If you believe brokers
If you do not get work
If you are a vagabond on roads
You will be put behind bars

Who will come to your rescue?
Who will console you of suffering?
If something untoward incident occur
Who will send you dead body here?

You will be accommodated here
Are you going to be a collector? or
An engineer in an alien place

There are some people from the nearby villages they are
from *Metpally*¹ and *Korutla*²
Whose existence is not traced so far?
For years and years together

The days are not good

In our country with our children beside
Let us fill our stomachs with the available food

If you exist, that is enough
Is there any limitation to affluence?
What do you do with prosperity without human beings?
Why do you need properties?
That cannot guard human dignity

Let us live among our people
Let us fight for our rightful living
Let us fight, let us rebel

If you go to *Dubai*, in spite of my warning
You will be asked to repay unjust debts
You will not be given new loans

All are problems with the near and dear
The money creates distance from man to man
There are some who cannot feed the parents

Don't go to an alien country, my son
By leaving the country which is like your mother
Son, please listen, I will be your son.

1 & 2 These are places in north Telangana from where people migrate to gulf countries mostly for manual labor

THIS IS OUR TIME

You are talking strangely
You have a chance of words
There is no change in our lives
Your lives have touched the horizons
The difference between you and me
Is ever increasing
Is there any end to it?

Your growth is for the fall only
Your height is more
You need to bend down
Our lives are short
We adjust anywhere
We have no discrimination between old and new

All days are the same
All are human beings
We dry in the sun
We get wet in the rain
We shiver in the cold
We stand by the test of time
We have no fear of time
We stand against time

We are not speaking now
We did not change our words
It is not possible for us
You sworn to change our lives
From the time of our fathers and fore fathers
Are we not casting our votes?

There is no change in my life
We are not the people who often change words
You cannot understand our woes
Your stomach is full
A mother can only know the pains of delivery
We want a change

You cannot understand our urge
We are not talking now
We are not mincing our words
We are united
We go by one word, we stand by one word
We are united

The God can do nothing for the united people
Do you say our Gods are different?
You don't allow our people to enter your temples
Its okay -
You do worship
You get blessings
You exploit more
You develop more
We will see how long this continues...

Telangana is Equal to my Life

The word Telangana is a force that marches forward
The fragrance of Telangana words and the vision
Resembles the freshly sprouting seeds of the soil
Telangana, the word is serene and lucid

The word is like a balanced water pot with brimful water
The word is like twinkling streams of water
The word has the music of the leaves
The word is like a song
The word is equal to many people
It resembles the invocation of a person
The word strikes many nerve strings
The word is much deeper than the music

If you can understand you will get the profound taste of it
If you are pure at heart
If you cannot ridicule the dialect
The word has mysterious beauty

The natural resources of Telangana is one aspect
The affluent jargon of Telangana is another aspect
It embraces the helpless and needy
If you listen to the words and gossips of Telangana
It gives the taste of the great millet bread with pickle

Be aware!
If you make any negative comment on my language
My fists will be tightened involuntarily

The beauty of this language is in its rich composition
The impact of neighboring state vocabulary is one
The internalized stream of Urdu vocabulary is another

The Hyderabadi cannot be a language
Telangana language absorbs and digests
The fantastic vocabulary of other languages easily
The Telangana word only has the power
This makes the Telangana language
A complete one among European languages
The persons who insults this language
Can never understand its beauty
Some ridicule it as a clown's language
Some insult it as a ruffian language
If you want to see the power of Telangana language
Listen to the Telangana song
It is the faultless rhythmic sound of the heart
This is the released arrow launched from the heart
This is cartridge of a triggered gun
It comes from the palm trees
It comes from across acacia groves
It brings the fragrance of the wild flowers
It provokes and lulls every village

I BECAME SLEEPLESS

Let your state be destroyed
Who did cast their votes for you?
You indulged in rigging
You declared victory for yourself

No one is there to ask you
If anyone asks, he will be canned
He will be booked in fake cases
If you irritate us like this
You will be torn into pieces

The handwork of blood and sweat
We gave it you unconditionally
The scorching sun of summer is on increasing
The thirst becomes unquenchable

There is no drop of water
There is no work in hand
There is not even a drop of water

The life becomes un-adjustable
Because there are no food items
We want to see our state
That makes us sleepless

SHIVERING COLD IN THE SPINAL CHORD

Shivering cold that you cannot lift your arms
Shivering cold that you cannot move your lips
Shivering cold that creates numbness in your fingers
My head is totally covered with a cloak cloth
But the shivering cold entered my ears

The clouds are coated with silver
The mist around is so thick
I cannot recognize the man at arms length
Everyone is covered fully
They covered with rough blankets and mufflers
The children gathered some scattered wooden pieces
They ignited the fire, the fire is rising
All are gathered around the fire
They receive the warmth of fire
They are also warming their backs
They sometime stretch their hands towards fire

The sun is caught in fog
The mist is not disappearing
How the cold does goes without the advent of sun
There are many gossips around the fire
There are talks about Telangana
Some more firewood is added to fire
The word Telangana became hotter than fire

We are suppressed years together
The oppression is in the name of language
We are forced to live with people
Who are separated from Tamils?
The agitated tones are consoled

In the name of gentleman Agreement
The thieves have come to an understanding
They bargained, exploited and divided
The booty among themselves

They poor man's life has no change
They have made us beggars in the name of schemes
They made us lured by *Velugu* (the light scheme)
How can you feed the stomach without work?
There must be some eternal force in Telangana slogan
That is the reason Telangana ignites us many a times

The rebel started with the available weapons
The central government may send military
They again start the story of fake encounters
The green Telangana again assumes red color in darkness
They make some more plans to suppress Telangana
The unmanned helicopters move in the sky

The fire is subsiding
The mist is becoming clear
The sun is moving down massively, and
The shivering in the spinal chord is on

STOP BLUFFING PEOPLE

The time is that if a man goes out
There is no guarantee that he would come back
There is no guarantee that a person
Who walks in the midnight would come back
The time is that, the boy
Who goes to school would come back

The day is the same, the night is same
What a strange change, peoples' life is filled with worries
The time is that people are stormed if there is no rain
The time is that the wages are not paid in time for laborers

The time is that there is no work
The time is that there is no support
It is the time for waiting
There is no value for life

With whom the people should share their sorrows?
The leaders are accustomed to tell cock and bull stories
The government lost coordination between word and deed
The time is that all the sorrows have to be suppressed

We have no capacity to give life
How can we take others lives just for fun?
This is called a full fledged country
There is a government that has faith in democracy
Is this the time that we can have faith in people's welfare?
As long as political havoc has a big role
There is a sure stab of dragger in the heart of democracy

Why does all this happen here?
Why don't you leave us to live our own?

Why do you come in our way?
Why do you pile up the taxes on us?
That makes us sleepless and worried

Let our children be educated
If anyone goes out
They is no guarantee that he would come back

Where should we go?
This is the age of strikes and protests
There are train tracks, roads and vehicles on roads

The time is that there is no rest – there is no pay
You promised bridges and village tanks
What is use of them to the landless poor?

We are the productive class
We are the distributors of affluence
But we are made alien in our own country
We have no caste, no religion
Man is my slogan
This is time where there is no guarantee to life

This is country which cannot provide work
How do we live, how long we are cursed?
How long we should be canned?
How many police stations we should visit
How many steps of Law Courts we should climb
You made us missing, Is this your way?

Now we will do whatever we wish
Don't come in our way

WRITE ABOUT US ONLY

Poet! Author! Narrator!

Please write in a language which we can understand

Please describe our woes in our words

Please tell our sorrows in our words

We listen, we understand

We console ourselves

We will be ready for anything

We sing your song and words in full throat

Thus we become one

We will become one

Nobody will be as forceful as we are

Oh Writer! Oh Singer! Oh Dancer!

Please don't write your sorrows and joys only

People's life, people's suffering, people's joys

They must become yours in your own words

You must be able to show a path

You show the cause for this helpless life

You tell me the plans to destroy causes

You tell me the ways of the world

You tell me about the movement of villages

You expose the ways of the exploiter

Tell us the methods to get self redemption from them

Tell me how to get support from all

You make the people known by them selves

The culture and the arts of our generation

O educated and broad minded people!

Please be with us

Please compose songs of our wars
If our word, song and dance comes out
The showering rain also becomes inferior

Our happiness...if comes when you bury our sufferings
There is a dancing and jumping at every step
Please make them clear in your novels
We go forward by reading your books

Our life may have many curves like Godavari River
Our life may have hasting runs like Krishna River
Let us now reach the destiny
Write as you did for movies and serials on TV

My dear brothers and sisters listen
You are the heroes of our songs and dances
Don't become beggars for government awards
Your talents should not be turned down
Please don't write for them
You will be sold and move away from us

The history of *doras* and Ministers
Is not the people's history
Don't sing their songs, don't write about them
I salute to you. Oh poet! Oh author! Oh narrator!
Please write in a language that we can understand

Take the Path of People

We have to sit
We have to chit chat and talk
We have to think about good and bad

We have to stand by a word
That word must become an arrow
The word arrows are our weapons
We have to worship our weapon on the eve of Dasara
The worshipped weapons must be ready

If any crook is there among us
The armed men should set him right
If we continue to walk in a un trodden path
It becomes a clear way
That way becomes our ideology

The theory brings us what we want
There will be people with doubts
The word of the people must stand
The faith is the basis for friendship

Sacrifice for people is the good word
The sacrifice must be applauded
The word of sacrifice must shine
It must thunder like a cloud
There must be a heavy rain
In the heavy down pour, children and grand children
The aged and the young must dance

We have to dine together
We have to talk and continue our walk

We must celebrate our gaiety
Is this not our life?
Do we get enjoyment in life other than this?

Some people may not like a discussion
But they are not even handful
Do we sacrifice our ideology for these?

If we leave our theory they bury us
But we must bury them
And walk over their burial ground

We have to sit
We have to chit chat and talk.

The Streak of Light

No zeal
No strength in the soil
No strength in the body
No energy to cultivate land
No money in hand
No fodder for cattle
Darkness...darkness...

There is a sound of humming from a distance
The sounds of sobs are nearing
I remember all by name
Someone is coming here with disturbed hair
No one can stop her
No one is able to explain the incident
The world disgraced her
She is cheated
Her name is mother *Bharathi* 1

There is no price for the crop from barren lands
I could not get a pie even if sell
The entire crop for a throw away price
The hunger and the debt cannot be closed
The land under mortgage is taken over
Since then, Bharathi became a lunatic

It is not the problem of resources or facilities
It is not the problem of even getting good crops
The problem is with the remunerative price
The brokers and mafia formed a ring

They exploit every organ of the body
Liquor is cheaper than water here
If any one asks he will be branded as an extremist
We all suffered in the heaviest ways
Our lives are tattered and battered
We have to penetrate into our people
We have to unite them
We will get zeal in our urge
We instill force in our lives
We remove darkness by the streaks of light

The planet earth will be filled
The grace in mother Bharathi will be restored
Then every one will be happy
The education will be improvised
The economy will be of advanced
The war becomes obsolete

1. An idealized name of motherhood for India

Why Don't We Achieve Telangana?

Do we achieve statehood for Telangana?
Do we achieve statehood for my Telangana?

Do we really rejoice?
Do we really swing and dance?
Do we really achieve statehood for Telangana?

We the three and half crore real Telugu speaking people
We want to visualize and realize our dream
Do we really achieve statehood for Telangana?

We want the water of our rivers to us
We want our electric power of coal to us
We want to get complete clothing

We will have our own songs on festive days
We play with our *bathukamma* 2
We supply fodder on the festive eve to our cattle

In the groves of tamarind and palm trees
The parrots will sing without fear
Do we get that time? Do we?

Do we get back our regional shrubs to ourselves?
Do we get back our lime stone for ourselves?
Do we really get back our Telangana Grandfather?
Who could wind his turban around his head?
Do we really get back our traditional bull player?
In his decorative dress with attractive invocations

Do we really get statehood for Telangana?
Do we really get statehood for my Telangana?

Don't beg the leaders who oppose Telangana
Don't get bluffed by the cheats of this region
Don't join the chorus of Telangana development song

We have been the bearers of their flags for long time
We should stop living a slave's life
Sing the jubilant song of Telangana in full throat

Brothers! Sisters! Don't be superstitious of Delhi goddess
Please remove all the faulty pictures from your mind
Take the beating clubs in your hands and rebel

Don't believe the words of power brokers from Delhi
If you want to preserve the golden words of Telangana
Let the thieves of Telangana pay a price

You must become like a ready arrow
Dance in Telangana and dance in ecstasy!
The cobras, which vomit venom against Telangana
Must be pierced in the eyes
The vultures that rest on the status of our martyrs
Must be answered by pelting stones at them

Why should we achieve statehood for Telangana?
Why doesn't our golden Telangana be formed?
Why doesn't our golden flag of Telangana be unfurled?

Why shouldn't we sing the song of our Telangana?
Why shouldn't our poets sing pure history of Telangana?
Why shouldn't we achieve statehood for Telangana?

Be firm and fill the heart with the east wind
Be burn like the sun at the summer mid day
You create havoc in the hearts of the enemy

Then we achieve statehood for Telangana?
Then we achieve statehood for my Telangana?

-
1. Ten millions
 2. A distinctive flower festival of Telangana region

Power is Ours in Our State

Don't trouble me
Don't interfere
Don't tell unwanted things
Don't build castles in the air
Don't make unrealistic efforts

The lands which you promised
Are the barren lands
Our heart is throbbing
We become emotional
If we are angry
Emotion and Anger
Makes us uncontrolled
We resort to the rough clubs

Our blood boils down
The angry eyes will become red like flag
We unfurl our flag
Then, there will be a fight between us
You take us to the gun point
We agitate with rough country clubs

The problem is diverted
But our sorrow will continue
The old torn out dress, disturbed hair
The same shouting throat
The same fluttering flag
Your aggression will die down

It may take many years
But we will get our state

Don't Become Eccentric

We are eccentric
We ignore any damage done to us
The leader wants to divert our water
We have no drinking water

The electric power of our coal is diverted
We have not even a small morsel of gruel
But there is a series of wine shops in the villages

A bottle of mineral water
Is costlier than a bottle of milk
The infants cannot get milk
People are degraded to give liquor for milk

The people who talk about public health
They create diseases
That cannot be cured by a doctor
We are eccentric
They go astray

We ignore all the damage done to us
It became a crime if we ask for work
They beat us if we ask for wages
If we retaliate, there is a criminal case

The labor and farmer are in the midst of threats
The farmer becomes a rickshaw puller
It is the time of demons
Beware ... Beware

We have insufficient food and sleep
When they saw our reddened eyes
They are shocked by the redness

Now they want to sing a love song from me
My throat is sharpened with sword songs
I sing in full throat

Take my song
March forward and march forward
Till you get your state
Don't look back
Your name is the sun
Don't forget it.

**We Achieve Telangana
If... We All Feel for it**

If everyone feels for the statehood
We achieve statehood for Telangana
If you sit idle, you won't achieve it
We must make suitable plans
We must unite our strengths

Beware of the cunning people
Who can create disputes among us?
They make fun of us
Why should they negate us?
Are their interests are jeopardized?

The movements are tattered here
If we unite here
They create problem at our capital city
How long they prove us like this
How can we get harmony by contagious nature?

If everyone of us supply a word
It becomes a beautiful song
It becomes people's song
That must vibrate in Telangana
That song must alert people for Telangana

If everyone works hard, we achieve Telangana
We must achieve Telangana of ten districts
They lure us by giving
Irrigation projects, Funds, works
Are we really begging?

Fighting for rights is not a Childs' play
How many universities we have
In ten districts of Telangana
How many university you have
In four districts of Rayalaseema

What about the IIT at *Basara*?¹
What about the irrigation project at *Ichampalli*?²
You tempt our public representatives by posts
How do we achieve Telangana by such sold out representation?
They snore in the public guest house

Do we achieve Telangana by begging?
Our flag must fly high
It must be very strong
One man's strength must be equal to ten
If everyone feels for it, we equal to ten

Id everyone feels for, we achieve Telangana
The leaders of Telangana must remember this
Please stop monkey feats without public support
Walk with people

If everyone is for Telangana
How is it possible to stop Telangana?
That is the real festival of Telangana

1. The Temple city of goddess Saraswathi in the district of Adilabad

2. Ichampalli

DON'T CLOSE IT FOR FATIGUE

Don't stop asking question
Don't ask about the present living
Don't stop asking questions
Don't ask why the life is like this

You have to realize about persons who ditched you
You have to realize about persons spoiled your food
Don't stop investigating about the person
Who threw thorns in you way

Don't stop the humming a song within yourself
Don't stop the practice of war with rough clubs
If you play your songs are banned
If you couldn't cast your vote
You learn to vote by party not by person.

Don't stop looking at the sky
For the knowledge of the season and the sun
Don't stop looking at clouds, stars in darkness
If the injustice is done in you presence
If you cannot resist it
At least support who resist injustice

This is not a moralizing ceremony
Try to listen to my song of resistance
Life is full of conspiracies, plots, and assassinations
Don't forget to ask the question again and again
Whether people have adequate food?

COME WITH ME

I will go my way
Nobody should stop me

I prefer this trouble life
To the wretched life

I prefer this un trodden path
To the sterile life of a bull

I prefer to be amongst the trees
To thein the barren fields

I prefer this thatched hut
To the tin shed

I prefer this small lamp
To the darkness of caves

I will go my way
What did you get by stopping me?

Do you want to share my problems?
Do you really share my sorrows?

There is a rampant exploitation of thieves
You will loose your power of authority

If you can't join hands with me
Please join the jubilant song of mine
That is enough to ignite fire in the public

I will make my way a through fare
So, come with me for a triumph...

Is there any one who can stop us from complaining?
Is there anyone who grabs the lands of the helpless?

Is there any one who walks without shoes as slave?
Is there anyone who cannot get food and clothing?

Don't become a victim by yourself
To adulterated liquor and adulterated justice

The women folk must get the rightful rights
We have to celebrate the movements
That rose against suppression and exploitation
We have to stop injustice done in the name of caste

Defeat is the footstep of success
You have to remove the word 'goon' from your dictionary
The administration must focus on farmer and labor
You have to rebel and rebel
Against the rule of alien and get statehood

OUR VERDICT

If you make friendship
You will realize the nature in a couple of days
You will realize the way of talking
You will realize his attitude towards our words
You will realize his way of laughing
You will realize his attitude
Towards our language and our dialect
You will realize what is in his inner heart

When we eat in our way
His looks will reveal his attitude
When we drink, his looks reveal him
The friendship is of fifty years
He has robbed of all possible things
He filled his belly with our resources
He has looted our forest produce

He is on the shore
He could make money for all torn out coconut leaves
We have seen all this
He exploded in 1969
That is the leadership of idiots
We have lost hundred of martyrs
They got posts for our sacrifice

Selfishness in their address
They have been using Telangana for their purpose
They know that a dog can be controlled by a bone
They know we are ready to be lured
That is why we are one, our language is one
We are blamed for our narrow mind

For just demanding for statehood

Uttaranchal¹, Jharkhand², Chattisgadh³

Do you all these are narrow minded?

Is there no development?

If you divide for ourselves

Do we really rob off their ancestral property?

Didn't we live happily for hundreds of years?

We lost almost everything in these 50 years

Let it be for many years

Our verdict is our statehood

We have to make our people alerted

We have to see our people protected

1.2.3. recently formed states without much fuss

IF WORD AND DEED BECOMES ONE

The words became scarce
The deeds almost disappear
You were uncontrollable quite recently
Why did you become so cool?
You must be sure of completing the work
You should not sleep till you get it done

Your eyes must burn with zeal
The darkness must be burnt by your eyes
The sprouted branches must toss their heads in breeze
You must continue to walk
You must be sure of continuing the work
You should not show your face till you complete the work

The victory is a fully blossomed flower
It is a flying bird in the sky fluttering its wings
The bonds of suffering will not trouble me
Your words must flow like flood from your mouth
Your hands must become swords
Depression is the curse of the poor

Faith is the beacon light to show the way
The world is full of exploiting cowards
Dare must become your protection shield
The sharpness is your looks
Must become the dynamite
That explodes the mountainous

If equality becomes dear to you
The universe fills with ever spreading moonlight
The moonlight creeps into your hut in winter

You must dedicate your book for the memory of poor
You must take the signature of the rebel
You can have sound and serene sleep in the open sky

You can dream when the beautiful song thrills your heart
The brightness in your eyes
Resembles ship that reaches the shore
Word and deeds must unite
Then you become the light house of liberty.

ACCEPT THE TRUTH!

Accept the truth
Then I will call you a man
There is no great deed to be done by you
Truth will prevail, don't condemn it
Faces may be different but human beings are one
Language difference should not become china walls
It becomes wisdom if you build iron curtain among us
There is an inner flow of love among human beings
Don't theorize the love chemistry by false analysis
You have the wretched culture of burning people alive
Let all the people rebel against you
You make us victims by the laws written by you
If you accept the truth boldly, history will excuse you
You award general pardon to the murders
You punish the hungry children
Who steal a small piece of bread?
You put them behind bars since they are poor
You punish mediators between oppression and war
You accuse them of false cases
Why should you keep away our son?
Who asked a small morsel of food for us?
Now it is the right time
Accept the truth
If we shout louder
Your false forts will be reduced
To ashes to create a whirlwind

Your State – Your Wish

Don't beg anyone
Don't lay prostrate
Don't lick anyone's shoes
Don't enslave yourselves to any dogs

Please apply your brain for problems
You can find out the root of suffering
You see the end of problem creators

The law will become the cunning cobra
Let that cobra enter into an ant hill and burn
That will appear again as a covert

Let it make public in the press
These coverts mix poison in food to kill
One must be alert to smell the poison
The plotter must be caned dastardly
These problems are just because we demand Telangana

These sufferings are due to our demand for human rights
These atrocities are just to question
The abuses of him in the name of caste
They are coming with wild sickles
They are crushing us with iron shoes

If we cannot caste votes to them
They themselves caste our votes forcibly
They have no fear of any authority any where
These snakes are hissing like "Bush"
SOS and everything belongs to them

They awarded general pardon for notorious criminals
We are duped in the name of free electric power
They make fun of our gullible nature
They say it's a crime to be born as a poor man
They feel that people of their caste are great

All the civil liberties are limited to be on paper
They ridicule that no one dare to implement them
Are we citizens? Are we human beings?
They laugh at us exposing their teeth
They question us for asking Telangana

They say that Delhi leaders are slaves of their food
The leaders are enslaved by drinking scotch whiskey
How can they grant Telangana?
They proclaim that they belong to olden Nazis

They want to sell our blood as liquor In spite of all these
Brothers, sisters, mothers and fathers
Don't bet anyone anymore
Don't lay prostrated
Make your hand as strong as clubs and blood bombs

Get what Telangana of your dreams
Go...hurry up!!!

TRUTH

Love should not be decreased
On the land which gave you birth

The mother who gave breast feeding
Should not be disgraced

The tree which gave you shade
Should not be deprived of water

You must test the electric wires of your village
Whether there is flow of pure electric power

Our language is sweet, our language is one
How can you compare the culture and dialect?

Why are you so worried if I ask my share?
Let the share holders be your cousins

Can you say confidently?
Are you not the cause for my backwardness?

My mother's eyes rolled down with tears
Are you so brutal to ignore her heart beat?

Are you vomiting insect venom?
Do you brand me as a separatist?

Am I traitor just for asking my share?
You are crueller than an un rained cloud in need

Are you our man or hybridized? Tell me...
This question will be an arrow in your heart

You joined us just because of the atrocities of Tamils
Is it sufficient that we both speak Telugu language?

You must remember
It is our Warangal that based Kakatiya kings
Whose flag has flown high on your lands?
Don't get buried in tombs of Shathavahanas
By searching for evidences in the history

I write poetry in the dialect I know
If you want, you can like
If you have no patience
My song becomes a death warrant to you

Your integrity slogan is fit to be a song of slaves
These slaves will be washed out in the people's storm
Your days are coming to a close
You can make me zero in you poetry competitions
I sing my Telangana song incessantly

Your dark fortes, conspiracy gardens
One day they all will be broken
My long cherished dream
The heaven of Telangana statehood becomes true
Yes, it's true...

Color Festival of Holi in Osmania University

Is it new to us to play the color festival *Holi*?¹

Did anyone teach us how to play?

We sprinkle colors

We move in dance ballads

We are rejoicing and rejoicing

We embrace each other in love

Our joys are over flown to the brim

Some people become envious

They want us to taste the caning

They made us to board the police jeep

They pushed us inside forcibly

The legislators have come there

The media covered these incidents

We want to settle the scores

They emerge in mass from nook and corner

They entered the broad roads

People from distance places

They are from Warangal, Nizambad Palamoor

Nalgonda, Karimnagar, Adilabad²

We thunder and we roar

Now the government opened its dreaming eyes

They suspended the adamant officers

Now they realized that such thing will not continue

The sentiment of Telangana becomes an electric shock

They proclaimed to play the jubilant *Holi*

The commotion in Osmania³ alerted rulers in Delhi

They realized the intensity of Telangana fever
Now the treatment has been started
This is the curtain raiser

Now, Telangana is like a rooster song
It started from hut to castles
It started from mill worker to farmer
Now, people are getting ready for the finals

-
1. Name of the color festival
 2. Names of Telangana Districts
 3. Name of first university in Telangana

The Squad Started

What is the profit for hard work?
Who will rescue us from debts and troubles?
We did not get crops yester year for scanty rains
This year's crops washed away for floods
Who will bother about farmer?
We could not bother about our children education

It became difficult to roll a day
The taxes have become heavy strokes on head
If the rulers are not good
We are put to enormous exploitation
What is the profit for hard work?

Our ancestors spent days with kings
Now we are cursed to be ruled by leaders
If no one comes to our rescue
We will search our ways of salvation

Our hands have become blunt
By casting votes again and again
The state of votes has become worse than state of kings
The smartly dressed people cannot become a leader

They talk about farmer and exploit more than a thief
If we speak truth we are expelled from our village
It's the state of all antisocial elements

We set people's state by peoples' army
No need to be recommended in people's army
No need of fake accounts and bribes

No need of threatening or slavery

Faith leads us, the people's man leads

The time is at arms length

The time is at arms length

Now the thieves will run away

This is not our word, this is in vogue

This is the fist of all the countries in the world

If the welfare of the people is ignored

They crush under their feet

This is our emotion

Don't imprison my emotion

We become one and no permission is required

There is lack of facilities and resources

This is no remunerative prices

There is no value for our blood and sweat

This has to be decided either this side or that side

We form and move in squads

We will attain our power

We hope you will be punished

Why should we lead a wretched life like this?

Either you or we, I know

Two swords can not be adjusted in one sheath

‘Dhoom Dhaam’ the Cultural Confluence of Telangana

The songs are coming to me from all directions
The beats of the drums are very hot
We have to celebrate joyously
The festive occasions with near and dear
My feet are moving towards the meeting spot
I came near the dais of the meeting
There is a sound of ankle chimes
The setting reflect the Telangana peoples' life

The artists fill their hearts with Telangana song
They are the musicians of Telangana
They pickup the sprouting soil in Telangana dialect
They throw the handkerchief into air and catch it in ecstasy
They aim the sharp word 'hail' to someone
They sing the Telangana songs with vengeance
No power can stop their ballads

Now the drizzling starts, it rains
They are heavy showers
But no one is moving from the spot
I did not get a seat in the mob
But I did not move far
For the fear of loosing the place

Some senior artist upholds the chair
He says that the chair
The symbol of power is the prevailing arrow

The legislators of Telangana submerged in power politics
They forget Telangana for the lure of power
The artist warn them

He warns not to forget Telangana
That is the source of our bread and butter

Wow! Each Telangana team
They make us realize the folk culture
There is beat of drums and sway of feet
They enact different castes and their practices on dais
They show the migration of labor
Why one? They discover different life style by their art

The region is put to exploitation and insult
This injustice is for generations together
They explain and enact clearly
Some artists are moving for dancing
Some one who is mad of dancing on the dais
Jumped on the dais and started dancing in ecstasy

The exploitation of the colonialists
And the pathetic life is clearly shown
They send a signaling to the central government
They want to protect the self respect of the people
This land is a laboratory for social experiments
This land suffered for more than sixty years
This land has gifted many martyrs to the country
Now, the center has to decide 'to give' or 'not to give'

The artists perform different feats
They sob and beat war drums
The water of this land has the power of life
The government is making its own plots
It has the knack of snatching the power from us
Why should we tell us, let them study history
The dais roars this caution

We join in the chorus to the songs of high throat
We move our feet in tune with the songs
There is no police guarding
There are no slaves of the government
There no pet dogs which can be sold for power
There is no support of pale red flags
Wow! What is this cultural meeting brother?
Why don't you come to our place?
All are inviting them to their place
This becomes a curtain raiser in that area

Birth Right

My brothers and sisters!

Delhi rulers will not grant statehood for our Telangana

Our way must be the fight and rebel

We must make onward march with our army

There are so many traitors among us

There are many with double standards among us

We should not lay prostrate to the central rulers

We have the hot blood characterized by war

We should not demand Dick and Harry for Telangana

We should not be humiliated and insulted

Protect the prestige of this land my son!

We must open the eyes of the rulers

We are with the powerful bards

We should teach them a lesson

Why should not we achieve Telangana?

The golden harp of a ten million jewels!!

Our singers must sing by swaying their feet

Every home must unfurl Telangana flag

Every home must bear the torch of Telangana

Every village must toll with the bells of Telangana

Walk Boldly

If you have initiated a work
You should not leave it
You must concentrate on it
You should care the pretty obstacles of others

If you want to make the home yours
If you want to make the threshold yours
If you want to make the cattle yours
You cannot just trust the vote, my brother

You must be ready to break your head
This land is full of gangs of goons
Your dressing is not yours
Your cloth for covering is not yours

Your shoes do not belong to you
Even your own sweat doesn't belong to you
How do make the little hut and a piece of land yours
We have no one to share of joys and sorrows

We have no one with whom we can talk to
There is one who dipped themselves
In the wretchedness of the caste
Our leaders are those who sell liquor

How do you expect good things from these people?
How do you get progress?
They squeeze the taxes from you
Then you will be bent for not getting any support

Who will come forward?
Who will listen to your urge?
Who will care you as human being?
If you choose a path, don't turn backward

They may throw thorns in your way
They may try to kill you by stoning
They crush you under their boots if you cross your limits
They may also stab you in stomach
Or they may put military force against you
They take off your life and bury you
Your name will be disappeared from the world

If you have thoughts
You please concentrate on that work
You must fight with knack
The fear must run away at your sight
You must be like a molten iron in the furnace

They consider talking truth as a crime
You must walk boldly in the era of this affluence
Your strength is your army
The victory is yours...

The Last Victory is Ours

We must get back our wisdom
We must be educated strongly
We must know the origin of education

You must know how the mountains are formed
You must know how a motor moves, a train runs
You must know how the stars shine

You must also know how the sun rises
You must find a path in darkness
When you walk step by step

Life is not a thoroughfare
Because of the cluster of thorns and pits
Life is the boiling of sweat and blood

You must forget running for life
You must make dams in between two hills
You must produce an electric lamp
But not in the light of lantern

You must read thoroughly the history of wars
You must know the tactics of war for life
The uneducated is like a blind man
You must know the law
You must not be blind like law

You must know how the poor are bluffed
You must know how the black dress lawyers are sold
The rich will buy the law courts

The justice of the poor imprisoned behind the police
If you are eccentric of your caste, it is your madness
Is the violence to be created in others mind?

You must not be buried in caste wretchedness
There are dangerous people who disown caste
We must get back our wisdom

You should not nod your head in acceptance to all
You must filter the words in your mind sieve
You must cook food with strong grains

You must puzzle the enemy with your strategies
The final victory must become yours

My Dream is the Peoples Democratic and Geographical Telangana

If not today
If not tomorrow or day after tomorrow
May be after an year or after many years
We will achieve statehood for Telangana

This is my word not a word that heard
This is a word filled in the multitudes!
The immaculate word!!

If you have any doubts
You ask the farmer standing over there
You ask the school children
You ask mothers and sisters of Telangana

Whatever we want and whatever we do
You must get ready mentally
You must be prepared and be more alert

In the name of many martyrs
Telangana should not be cheated again
Telangana should not become the victim
Telangana should not become
The victim of the central government

They are opportunistic political vultures
The foundations of our village must be our songs
You must have a clear goal
Our mother Telangana is calling you and me

We don't want to use a single bullet
We achieve Telangana in the path of vote
We rule of our Telangana excellently
We sing the song of Telangana in high throat

Do we get statehood for our Telangana?
Do they grant us really?
Do they allow this to happen?

These are frustrated words for years
These are torn out songs
Close them

Native or non-native
May be *Gentleman Accord*
May be the *Six Point Formula*
They burnt everything

If take the word of Telangana
Their looks become fierce
If one Potti Sriramulu dies
The statehood for Andhra is granted
But there are three hundred and sixty
Telangana brothers have become martyrs
Where is the statehood for my Telangana?
Who duped my Telangana?

Why shouldn't we get statehood for Telangana?
In the peaceful path of vote
Why shouldn't we get statehood?
In the glorious path of struggle

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1. This is the agreement made at the time of merging Telangana which assures equality to the region.
 2. This is an out come of 1969's agitation that assures equality in all aspects



Hail Telangana ! Hail !!

Dr Damera Ramulu

Let play *kolatams*
Let's make the *gangireddus* play
Let us revive our country fairs
Let us take an oath...
To make our idiom, dialect reinforced

There must be a demand in all the continents
Let us talk about Telangana
In trains, busses, steamers and in flights
Let us talk wherever it is possible

Let the talk be about Telangana
Let it be quenchable... Let us laugh openly
Let our eyes be filled with the light of Telangana

Let our eyes be filled with the light of Telangana
Let the dreams of yester years be made...
The festive decorative strips in our homes

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